1: Spier
●726

Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

[Some materials on warfare with particular neighboring tribes will be found in category 539, pp. 356-80.]

1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

484 point of the plateau to where our home was on the red bench. Then we gathered mescal and roasted it in a pit. That was pretty good for me; I ate plenty. I was a long way off and felt pretty bad, and when I got back, I was glad. When I was out of my country over at Oraibi, I thought all the time that I would like to be home, so I felt pretty glad when I got home.

[648] After I was home a little while that first Yavapai raid occurred.

War

721 Warfare among the Havasupai was chiefly defensive, for they numbered too few to carry on effective offensive operations. However, they made raids against their nearer enemies from time to time.

Their traditional enemies are the Yavapai and the associated western 648 groups of White Mountain and Tonto Apache. The tribal designation [196] for the first is in fact also the generic term for enemy, *tcahud*. They were intermittently hostile to the Navaho, with whom they seem to have come but infrequently in contact until the Navaho were forced westward in the middle of the nineteenth century. Thereafter they were usually inclined to be friendly. Their relations with the Paiute were similar. These people were sometimes encountered along the lower Little Colorado, but more frequently they were met in hostile engagements in their own territory north of the Colorado. They were probably fought with no more than were the Navaho, but this seems largely to be due to their inaccessibility. The friends of the Havasupai were the Hopi and of course the Walapai, with whom they maintained steadfast amicable relations. Oraibi figures in the tales as a sort of neutralized trading station, with its inhabitants strongly biased in favor of the Havasupai, or at least so the latter thought. The concerns of the Walapai were always those of their eastern relatives, who joined them in raids on the Paiute and who vicariously shared their enmity for the Mohave. Other tribes were too far away for conflict.[1]

726 Raids into Cataract Canyon, which make up the largest part of 722 their hostile relations, were made by the Yavapai with their Apache associates and on rarer occasion by the Paiute. The raiders would suddenly appear in the village at dawn. This gave them the advantages of surprise and a long period of daylight in which to make good their escape. At the first alarm the women and children scattered, climbing up the cliffs to hide among the rocks on the red sandstone bench. Some men, at least, would fly with them, until an effective skirmish line could be formed to repel the invader and recover their booty, chiefly horses—

[1] I believe Mooney must be mistaken in identifying the Havasupai with one of the groups raided by the Kiowa. (c). Ed.

1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

and scalps. It seems that raids were sporadic, and I gather, may have averaged not more than one a year. During these periods of insecurity, the natives were accustomed to live in the little caves and on the ledges along the cliffside in order to make their escape more easily. 726 722

The Navaho did not raid into the canyon, but they would sometimes drive off the Havasupai horses when the latter were trading in the Hopi villages, or they would descend on some returning, heavily-laden trading party, and kill or despoil them. 721 [439]

Offensive operations did not figure to any extent in Havasupai life, partly because of their numerical inferiority and partly because their material existence was better than that of any of their neighbors, with the exception of the Hopi. War activities do not appear to have offered absorbing interest as a general rule, although prowess in war was a decisive factor in bringing social distinction, i.e., chieftainship, to some. [511]

Weapons are bows and arrows, hatchets, and clubs. The hatchets may only have been iron tools acquired through the Hopi. The club is a single piece of heavy wood, with a round head 10 to 12 cm. in diameter, and devoid of a rawhide cover. This was used with a descending, smashing blow, not at all like the punching stroke of the Mohave with a club of a different shape. A sling is also used, although it was not seriously considered a weapon. Sinyella said, "The last time the Yavapai came I was a young lad. I made a sling and threw rocks at them. I do not know whether I hit any or not; I was high up near the top of the red cliff." 411 [439]

Arrows used in war are said always to have been poisoned. Poisoned arrows are kept in the quiver with the untreated variety. It did not harm the meat of a deer, for example, but this is at odds with the supposed effectiveness of the poison as recounted in the tale of a raid by whites. The poison (*paisdha*) was made of a black substance in the big scorpion, centipedes, red ants, *matgînyué* (a small black bug that bites), jimpson weed, and *qwdgamund* (a weed growing on the canyon bench). These are mashed, dried, and stored. Soapweed leaves are thrown into the fire to get hot, and wrung to expel the juice. The little finger is wet with this glue, dipped in the powder, and a little is put on arrowhead and foreshaft. A mere scratch is sufficient to kill. 278 411

Armor took the form of a shirt or smock, fitting close around the neck and hanging nearly to the ground. It was composed of two thick buckskins before and two behind; the thicknesses sewed, but not glued, together. A small buckskin was twisted into a thick loose rope and worn around the neck like a muffler. A big buckskin was rolled into a bundle 713

1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

713 with a thong tied to one side to form a handle. This was carried in the left hand to protect the face. Such armor would turn arrows.

A shield-like device was formed by hanging one or more heavy buckskins like a curtain from a bow held out horizontally before the body. Arrows striking this curtain would either fall harmlessly or hang in it. Men with such temporary shields and those with armor carried 726 clubs in their free hands. They were expected to advance steadily in close formation in the forefront of the attacking party. Others followed with bows drawn closely crouching in this protection. The bearer would lower his curtain-shield an instant while his companions shot, and quickly raise it until they were ready to fire again.

The curtain-shield is credited to the Walapai and Yavapai by my 171 informants. The usual rawhide circular shield (*sūedkŏvd*) is not made by 411 the Havasupai, although it is said to be used by the Hopi. Slat armor is not made. Spears are not used, but they have been seen in the hands of the Yavapai and Hopi. Cushing, however, credits them with a wooden pike about 125 cm. long, pointed and hardened in the fire.[1]

726 In taking the offensive, as against the Yavapai, they proceed to the neighborhood of the enemies' camp and wait in hiding while a few scout ahead. When scouts are out of contact with their own party, or [198] when they fail to find the enemy, they communicate with one another by calling in imitation of the horned owl, coyote, or screech owl (*gdgŏgd*, a little bigger than a man's fist and having horns). If they locate the enemy, they return without disclosing their presence by such calls. Then all move together, approaching the enemies' camp in the night. The bull-roarer is swung to make the wind blow hard, so that the enemy will flee before the wind. A short time before dawn, some surround the camp, while the others remain waiting for the first flush of daylight. As soon as they can barely see, those in the main body rush into the camp, shouting and clapping their mouths.[2] The enemy, confused with sleep, attempts to flee, but those surrounding the camp wait to catch and club or shoot them. So far as I know it was not customary to take [727 captives. There is no special war leader, either on such raids or in [624] defending the canyon home; those who are chiefs are normally leaders.[3]

Scalps (*gdwawid'g*, scalp; *gdwdwd*, hair) were taken, the cut being 727 made around the margin of the scalp. "Taking the scalp is like taking the hide of a deer; the man who kills the enemy gets the scalp." (The

[1] Cushing, (a), 550.
[2] Cf. Mohave (Pattie, 133).
[3] Cushing, (a), 551.

1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

scalps are washed with soapweed by an old woman in one tale.) He hangs the scalp from a pole set up in a clearing and calls everyone to come and dance. Men and women wash and don their gala dress, painting their faces in any style and color they choose. All the men and women dance around the pole with the same shuffling sidewise step used in the social dance. They pat their mouths as they shout. They probably do not care for the scalp after this dance. It is interesting to note that while these people have observed a Paiute victory dance they have not borrowed any of its peculiar features. There is no definite system of war honors.

Taking the whole scalp is also credited to the Yavapai by my informants (although Corbusier says they took none.) There is no purificatory rite after killing, nor set speeches made to war parties as among the Pima. The wolf dance (beating on a hide) of the Lemhi Shoshoni, Nez Percé, and many Plains tribes, is unknown.[1] Scouts wore neither wolf hides nor grass headdresses for concealment.

War with the Paiute. This happened at Gwídágwit [Uinkaret Mountains] either before I [Sinyella] was born or when I was a little baby.

There were many Paiute living on the east side of those mountains who wanted to fight. They crossed Hagátafá [Colorado River] a little below Hudltovǒkyóvá [pine precipice, Moho Canyon in the eastern Walapai country]. They came across country north of Pine Spring. Many Walapai lived along there. There they killed many men, women, and children. They repeated this once or twice, killing quite a number of Walapai. The big chief of the Walapai thought that the Walapai ought to cross the Colorado against the Paiute. They talked this over and all agreed. Then the Walapai chief sent several men down here to us. The Walapai said, "Our people want to cross the Colorado and kill the Paiute. Our chief wanted us to come down to persuade some of you to go with us." The Havasupai agreed, and some went with them. They went where the Walapai were already assembled. The Havasupai big chief said to the Walapai, "The Paiute killed a lot of your people so you are angry and want to fight them. That is all right."

Then the Walapai chief said, "We are all ready to go. We know the place to climb down to the river." So all went down directly opposite the mountains to the south side of the river. They got long logs and put cross pieces between them, making a raft to put their beds, provisions and arrows on. A lot of them took hold of it on all sides and pushed it before them as they swam. They unloaded it and pushed it back to fetch those who could not swim. So they ferried all over. They camped there on the north shore over night. In the morning they went up out of Grand Canyon. The old men pointed out the spot to me from this side and it looks like a good place to climb out. When they got up on the plateau, they traveled straight toward those mountains. They found a road a little way back from the rim. When they were about halfway from the canyon to the mountain, they came upon a Paiute camp. Some of the strong young men always traveled ahead; if they found nobody, they sent one

[1] Lowie, (a), 194; Spier, (b), 465.

1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

726 of their number back to tell the main party, who then moved forward. When they found this camp, one brought the news back and the party stopped. They waited for the sun to set, and when it was very dark, they moved close to the camp. They sent two or three young men to crawl right into the camp. They hid under a wood pile, where they spied on what the Paiute were doing.

They were all dancing. They had a pole as tall as a man set upright: this was a small tree with short branches. They had tied their bows and quivers together and hung them all on the branches and had the whole tied around with a rope; there was just one heap of weapons. They were dancing a little way from this. The boys returned and told the others. They said, "The Paiute are a little more numerous than we are. They are dancing; all their arrows are hung in one place apart from where they are dancing." The Walapai chief and the Havasupai chief both said, "All right. At dawn we will rush them. You strong young men should run fast and jump right into their midst and get those arrows. We others will break into the dance and catch and club the Paiute or shoot them." At daybreak, when they could see a little, all rushed into the camp, catching the enemy unawares, and clubbed and shot them. They killed a great many. Some of the Paiute young men, who were good runners, escaped and ran off to other places round about where there were many Paiute living, and told them.

Some of the Walapai and Havasupai said, "That is the way we like to do: kill a lot of them. But we think we had better go back right away." But the Havasupai and Walapai chiefs said, "No, we do not want to go back right away. We will stop here at this camp. You people cook; we are hungry. Then we will wait to see if there are any more. Some of the Paiute young men are good runners; perhaps they have told the others. We will wait here to see if they will come to fight. We do not want to go back at once." So they cooked, using the Paiute water baskets to carry water in. When they had finished cooking and were eating, a few Paiute came. Each party shot at the other. By and by more Paiute came, a few at a time, until they numbered a few more than the Walapai and Havasupai. Then the latter felt afraid. The two chiefs said, "We are afraid of the Paiute now; we had better turn back." So they traveled back, fighting as they went, just shooting. They did this all the way back to the rim of the Grand Canyon. Two of the Havasupai wore armor, double on the front, back, and on their arms, with small buckskins twisted up and muffled around the neck; and they held other skins twisted in their left hands to protect their faces. These two men walked in the rear of the party as a guard; arrows hung from their armor everywhere. They stopped right at the rim to fight a while. There was only a narrow trail leading down the cliff there; it was difficult to descend. The Paiute continued to gather until there were a great many. Then the Havasupai and Walapai dashed down the narrow place a few at a time until all were in it. There were cliffs on both sides of this defile through which they were descending on which the Paiute perched, rolling big rocks down on them and crushing a great many. Some of the Walapai went into a deep cave; others went on right down to the Colorado River. The two who had armor crossed. The good runners who got down to the river first, plunged right in, and swam across. Some of those who were wounded and weak were carried off by the stream and drowned. Nearly all the Walapai were killed. Those who had taken refuge in the cave were difficult to kill; so the Paiute dragged logs and green trees along the plateau and threw them down by the entrance,

1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

where others pushed them into the cave. When the entrance was filled, they set fire to the wood and suffocated all those inside: none escaped.[1] 726

Torts.

If a man accidentally hurt another, he would give a present to assuage his injured feelings and prevent retaliation. Neither husband nor wife was responsible to the other for injuries to their children. If a foreigner murdered a Havasupai, his relatives would immediately revenge themselves on the murderer. In spite of their intimate relations with the Walapai, fracases do occur; recently knives were drawn in a dispute over a horserace. If a Havasupai killed a Walapai, his relatives might pay a blanket, horse, or buckskin to prevent his being killed in retaliation. A chief would accompany them to the Walapai. Similarly, the Walapai would offer to pay if one of their number killed a Havasupai. When two men quarrel, as when one sets upon his wife's lover, bystanders interfere before either comes to grief. A shaman is killed for his misdeeds (p. 239). 682 [593] 648 683 [628] 627 683

A theft by a Navaho is instanced wherein revenge is taken by killing and despoiling an innocent member of that tribe (p. 367). Sinyella's father received recompense (a blanket) from a Hopi who stole his Navaho wife (p. 227). 628 648 685

Comparative Notes

Data on residence after marriage are lacking for many tribes in this area. Yet there seems to be some local differentiation. Matrilocal residence as the normal procedure holds for the Hopi, Zuñi, Sia, and undoubtedly other Pueblos. It is important to know how residence is affected by male ownership of houses on the northern Rio Grande and by ownership by either sex in the middle Pueblo area. In Laguna at least there is both matrilocal and patrilocal residence. Dumarest indicates Cochiti as patrilocal, but Starr has it matrilocal. The Navaho may be matrilocal and the Kiowa certainly are.[2] Patrilocal residence occurs in the Southwest among the Pima, Papago, Yuma, Cahuilla, evidently the Western Apache and Northern Diegueño, and perhaps the Gabrielino.[3] Temporary matrilocal residence is found among the Havasupai, Apache (all other groups?), Mohave, Cocopa, Tepecano, Uintah Ute, Paviotso, Washo, Patwin, the Northern Maidu of the foothills, Northeastern Maidu, and occasionally among the Southern Diegueño and Wind River Shoshoni. The Northern Maidu of the Sac- 171 591 [423]

[1] Compare the same procedure of the Paviotso (Hopkins, 7:1 75).
[2] Kroeber, (j), 92; Stevenson, M. C., (a), 30; Parsons, (d), 170; Dumarest, 148, Starr, (a), 43; Lipps, 46; Curtis, I, 125–127; Mooney, (c), 233.
[3] Russell, (d), 134; Curtis, I, 133; II, 33, 68; Gifford, (a), 173, 188; Rsd. 11.

1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

171 story.[1] It is possible that this is what Powers means by calling the
537 Northern Maidu clown (Sacramento valley and foothill groups) a "prompter or repeater of the chief."[2] He reports for the Southern Maidu a boy who repeats very utterance of a shaman during his performance[3] and the same occurs among the Klamath. Of the Nez Percé Spinden remarks that

> often a public speaker, or herald, repeated word for word the orations of the chiefs in order that the assembled multitude might hear,[4]

and of another Sahaptin group at Priest Rapids on the Columbia River, Mooney records that speakers talked in a low voice to an "interpreter" who repeated to the audience.[5] The last is also true of the Wishram.

Like the Havasupai the Pima warriors

171
726 divided into two parties—those who used the bow and those who fought with club and shield.[6]

It would be interesting to know whether this specialisation was general in this area.

At least one type of Southwestern club has a recognizable distribu-
171 tion. This is a cylindrical affair, having a handle of smaller diameter in
411 the line of its axis (Kroeber's "potato-masher" type). It is used with a punching, face-smashing stroke. This seems to be typical of the lower Colorado: Mohave, Chemehuevi, Cahuilla, some Mission Indians, Yuma, Cocopa, Opata, Maricopa, Pima, and Yavapai.[7] Kroeber, however, describes this as the Pueblo type of warclub.[8] The Havasupai ball-headed club is shared with the Cocopa. This is not the well-known type, a ball and handle joined by a rawhide cover, which in this area is used by the Western Apache and Wind River Shoshoni.[9] The Southern Diegueño weapons are a flat curved club and an angular hook.[10]

There is some doubt that the sling is aboriginal in the Southwest, but as the object is widely distributed in Mexico, Central America, and the northern parts of South America, it is possible that it is ancient in the Southwest.[11] It is also found northward through California. The tribes for whom it is recorded are Navaho, Hopi, Western Apache, Havasupai,

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[1] Powell, 116, 122.
[2] Powers, 310; Dixon, (a), 230, 318.
[3] Powers 334; Faye (p. 43) notes a partner or deputy of the captain who speaks in public. This seems to correspond to the chief's assistant of more southerly Californian tribes.
[4] Spinden, 243.
[5] Mooney, (b), 730.
[6] Russell, (a), 120, 202.
[7] Whipple, Fairbank, and Turner, 80; Barrows, 80; Hoffman, in Reid, 29; Trippel, 377; Heintzelman, 43; Russell, (d), 96; cf. Bartlett, II, 237; Corbusier, 331.
[8] Kroeber, (a), 398.
[9] Bourke, (b), 89; Lewis, (l), 248.
[10] Spier, (e), 334.
[11] Means; cf. Hough, in *Handbook of American Indians*, II, 602.

[Text continues on p 258]

2:IIIff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Over at the rim, we looked down into the canyon we had so recently left, trying to locate the farmer and his dog, but they were not within sight. We stood about, discussing the Indians' frantic escapes through the crevice, and the fact that now it was a short cut for men who had a few ponies grazing on this level. Then one of the girls, just to hear the racket it would make, pushed a small boulder over the edge. Others followed. As they clattered over the wall, striking projections and bouncing far out into the canyon, the farmer came into view, running for his life, his dog leaping at his heels. We were as frightened as he, for we still could hear the falling stones crashing their way down, and knew that if one struck him, the blow would be fatal. We returned, as fast as the slippery crevice would permit and descended the wobbly ladders to the canyon floor.

The farmer confronted us with blazing eyes. "Those stones you rolled down would have killed me and my dog if we hadn't run with all our might," he exploded.

We tried to explain and apologized, but realized we could never again persuade him to accompany us on an exploring trip.

At our cottage, old Gentle Annie in her accustomed place at the foot of the cottonwood, waited for me. She wore a strawberry-red dress, my dress. She had wanted clothes, but could no longer see well enough to make them. So each time I came within reach, she grabbed my skirt and begged, "Dress, you give 'em." I was obligated, in a way: hadn't she shared her mescal slab with me? So I had given her the brightest dress I owned. She had been effusive in her appreciation, put it on over her other dress and walked proudly home. As I watched her, aged and tired, making her slow way down the path, I thought of the young wife she had been, standing by her man's side, fiercely defending their possessions, their home and her own body from the grasping hands of the enemy. One of these battles was particularly vivid in her memory.

In their younger days, Annie and her man had lived for a time in a cave high up on the canyon wall. In the dark hours of a summer morning, they were awakened by the soft scuff of moccasined feet.

2:Illiff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Dimly they saw the hurrying forms of the enemy slipping stealthily past the mouth of their cave toward the village. Escaping through a rear opening, the young couple were working their way down the wall, leaping crevices, scrambling down cliffs, hurrying to warn their tribesmen, when, with a triumphant yell, the invaders gave chase. Gentle Annie and her man outran their pursuers and reached the village already alarmed by the commotion and frantically arming for defense.

At nightfall, when the thieving marauders retreated laden with booty, fighting their way up the trail, many dead, both enemy and tribesmen, lay on the canyon floor. Houses had been emptied of their dried corn, pumpkin and venison. Warm blankets were gone. Corrals held no ponies. Children had been orphaned. Bitterness was in the hearts of the Havasupai at the loss of their tribesmen, and the prospect of the almost impossible task of again providing against the cold winter.

In trying to describe the bitter fight, in the few English words at her command, Gentle Annie's knotted hands clenched and her dark eyes flashed with the violence of her emotions in living again the cruelty and hardship. "We work, we make—they take," was the simple statement that ended her story. The strawberry-red dress was a small gift but it had brought momentary happiness to an old woman in whom the fire of youth had not completely died.

On this visit, Gentle Annie was not thinking of wars; she had business to transact. She carried a little basket containing five fresh figs; offering them to me, she said, "Figs, pive cent." I bought her figs, split them open and laid them on my window sill to dry. Within a few days they would be rich and sweet.

One day Miss Goenawein mentioned some small rooms or caves excavated in the sandstone wall beneath the gods, that held secrets of the tribe's exciting Days of the Long Ago. My old urge to explore flared. I wanted to learn what possible use the caves had been to these canyon dwellers. Were they granaries such as honeycombed the walls on either side of the village? Were their interiors brightened with pictographs recounting the tribe's turbulent past?

2:111ff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1964 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

133 Were they carved there by Those of Old? A short trip might give the answer.

We scrambled up the talus on one of the steepest trails I had ever climbed, followed a ledge until we came to many openings in the face of the wall, each a tiny doorway. Stooping, we passed through one of the doorways, but could not stand erect under the low ceiling. The sandstone walls were bare. The floor beneath our feet gave a hollow sound for the caves were in tiers; a row of such cavities was immediately below the ones on this level. The ledge formed a path on which the occupants could pass from one cave to another.

We returned to the ledge and looked down on the peaceful scene so far below: the village, bathed in dazzling sunlight . . . men drying buckskin . . . women weaving baskets or gambling fiercely under their porch shelters . . . a wide pool, dark with the bodies of frolicking children. What need had these people for dome-shaped holes in their canyon wall, holes that bore no evidence of recent use? Yet across the canyon on a flat-topped bluff stood a [712] fort; through the portholes in its masonry, the canyon could be defended from wall to wall—with help from these ledges.

●726, 714 With the battlefield a panorama below us it was easy to visualize the battles that had been fought on the canyon floor, Gentle Annie and others of her generation unwilling participants. In preparation, the Havasupai armor-bearers hastily scrambled into their armor—buckskin robes falling from their necks almost to the feet protecting the body front and rear, a wad of buckskin in the left hand to protect the face, a roll of it about the neck, the right hand free to wield hatchet or club. The shield-bearers, carrying strong wooden sticks from which buckskin aprons depended, accompanied the armor-bearers in the forefront of the battle or, in retreat, covered the rear. The shield-bearers were of particular importance, for the enemies' arrows clung to their buckskin shields or fell harmlessly from them. Armed men, crouched in the protection of these shields, sent their salvos against the enemy at every opportunity, while the armor-bearers clubbed and beat the invaders.

2:Illiff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 · NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Fortunately, this tribe, unlike the roving Indians of the desert region, had never come in serious conflict with the United States Army. Had they done so, I am inclined to think the Havasupai may have won, at least the first bout. For an American soldier, confronted by enemy whose armor resembled buckskin nightshirts, and whose shields—their only protection from bullets—were tanned deerskins, would have been so convulsed with laughter that he could not fire a shot.

However, the Havasupai had one weapon that no enemy laughed off—their poisoned arrows. Juices extracted from the Jimson weed and other toxic plants, combined with the poison of scorpions and poisonous insects, cemented to the arrow tip with glue from roasted soapweed leaves, made a deadly weapon. They were expert marksmen, and if the flesh was penetrated by one of these poisoned arrows, there was no known antidote.

At the approach of the enemy, women and children scurried up the wall to their huge stores of food on a higher level, saved for just such an emergency. Men fought from their homes until driven from the canyon floor, some retreating to the fort to shoot arrows at the pursuers or to roll stones down upon them. Others took to the ledges along the walls, running ahead of the desert pirates, slaughtering them with poisoned arrows. But many, according to the Indians, retreated to this ledge with its little scooped-out rooms in which ammunition and food could be stored and the wounded cared for. Crossfire from the fort and this ledge could annihilate the invaders in this wider section of the canyon, which held the main part of the village. Protected by their armored men and their shield-bearers, the Havasupai warriors descended for hand-to-hand fighting, while archers slaughtered the fleeing enemy from stations along the walls.

By nightfall, the canyon was cleared. Women and children scrambled down from their high perches, joining the men in caring for the wounded, cleaning up the village, cremating the dead and repairing, as best they could, the damage. Then they held the victory dance; as bloodchilling as had been the conflict itself.

1:Spier E-5 (1929-1932) 1933 NT15 River Yumans NT15
Maricopa
Halchidhoma
Plateau Yumans NT14
Yavapai

P R 266 727 R [783] they feared it would cripple the eater. The enemy were believed "diseased": scalps, captives, and those who had taken or slain an enemy, all had to undergo a lengthy purification.

P 266 727 Two accounts of the practice which may refer to the same case were obtained from Kutox. Once before he was born some Halchidhoma from the Maricopa Wells district were on their way to the Kaveltcadom at Gila Bend. (This places the incident between 1835 and 1845.) Just west of the Sierra Estrella they were surrounded by Yavapai and Apache, who killed all twenty, carrying off a woman and her child. They took them northward to the mountains, where they cooked and ate the child. Kutox has seen the place. All their allies were invited to this. In the early evening they made the woman and the little girl dance. They then dug a long pit in which they burned logs until reduced to coals, on which they roasted a deer. They dragged the screaming girl away from her mother, and held her down on the coals until she died. Then each ate a piece of deer flesh and that of the girl. The woman later escaped and returned home.

Four women went to gather mesquite. One, who was somewhat apart from the others, had a girl of seven with her. The Yavapai caught these two and hurried them off to the mountains. They called all men and women together and danced beside a big fire. When the fire had burned down, they threw the little girl on the ashes and roasted her alive. The woman lived with the Yavapai for some time before she had an opportunity to run away. She said they had forcibly made her eat part of the girl's flesh.

R 756 727 789 Shamans also accompanied war parties to heal the wounded. These were not general practitioners, but those who had the proper dreams for wounds (p. 287).

R 727 766 Those who were killed in enemy territory were cremated on the spot if possible. The pyre was quietly built at night and as soon as well ablaze they left the spot. No attempt was made to carry the ashes home.

P R 173 726 On one occasion the Maricopa went to fight west of or below Fort McDowell. The war leader chose a number of men to accompany him. A scout sent forward was seen by the enemy. Almost caught, he abandoned his horse and fled to warn the approaching Maricopa. These returned south of the Salt River, where they camped. In the evening the leader spoke, expressing his disappointment that his plan had miscarried, but saying they would try again. He argued that since the Yavapai had taken the horse, they would feast on it through the night. Perhaps they could be attacked when they finally fell asleep. At midnight the Maricopa again moved close to the Yavapai encampment and sent a spy ahead. He found that the Yavapai had feasted on the horse and, near morning, reported them asleep. The Maricopa then attacked and killed all the enemy. Since this event the locality has been known as xukâvi'k tatâpoi'ic, "the returning and killing."

Kutox's account of his own experience about 1865 also illustrates the character of this fighting with the mountain tribes.

A hundred Pima and as many Maricopa were given guns by the soldiers and

1:Spier E-5 (1929-1932) 1933 NT15 River Yumans NT15
Maricopa
Cocopa
Plateau Yumans NT14
Yavapai

P R 173 726

sent travelling over the mountains, but killed never an enemy. The Yavapai had come down and killed some whites and their mules, taken the harness and burned the wagons. The Pima-Maricopa went to Fort McDowell, where they stayed a year looking for Yavapai. They came over to Sacate near the Maricopa villages where they heard Yavapai were stealing horses.

They pursued the Yavapai. There were three of them, armed one with a gun, another a bow, the third a sword. Some followed their tracks directly northward toward the mountains. Others, a large number including the boy Kutox, circled to get ahead of them.

The three Yavapai walked along side by side. When someone rushed at them, they turned to face him and the one with the gun made as though to shoot. Those following came up with them first, but no one dared go close. They continued following. Toward morning the three came to where Kutox's party was. Kutox started toward them to see if he could not beat one down. The man with the gun was facing those following, so he thought he would chance it. But as he drew near, the bowman turned on him; so he retreated. The one with the sword disappeared; perhaps crawled under a bush. The man with the gun walked backward, holding off his pursuers, so they kept trying for the bowman. Kutox tried again. Just as he got close, someone at a distance shot the Yavapai. He tried to rise, but Kutox dismounted and hit him on the head with a stone, killing him. (Because of this Kutox would have had to undergo purification when he returned, so he gave the credit to the one who had shot the Yavapai, "rather than starve", he said.[48]) This was at early dawn.

They knew two had escaped, so they scattered to search. Kutox felt very sleepy. He came close to a giant cactus, which he mistook for an enemy. He was afraid, so he dismounted and ran away. This has always been told as a joke on him.

PURIFICATION

R 783 727

The theme that physical contact with the enemy was defiling threads through all the proceedings that follow on the return of the war party. The enemy, his scalp, his women and children who were made captives were all extremely dangerous. They were "diseased"; they brought sickness to such as touched them; they had potentialities for harm of a magical order. Once struck down, the very sight of the enemy must be hurriedly avoided. Even the mountains of his land, spiritually his in a literal sense, must no longer be looked on. This was clearly not for fear of the dead as such, for they had no comparable strong concern for their own dead, but because the enemy had maleficent powers on his side. All persons and things that had had intimate contact with him must undergo a stringent rite of purification (mata-

R [753]

[48] Gifford recorded the same yielding of credit among the Cocopa. The one who took the credit had to undergo purification (Cocopa Ms).